

# The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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September 15, 1943



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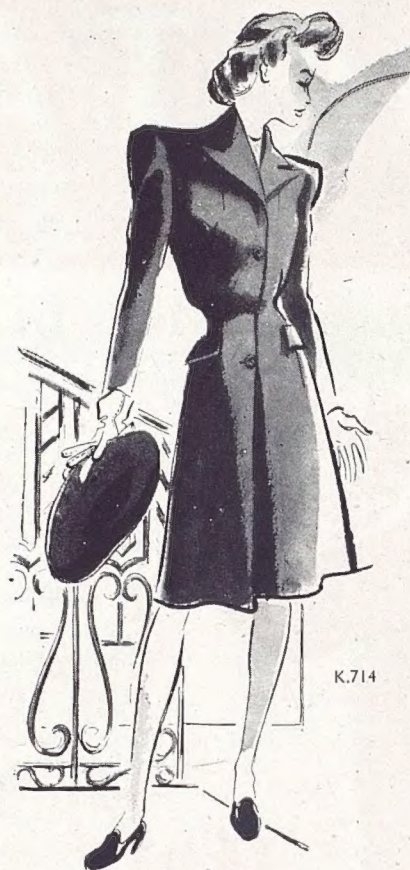
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LONDON  
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John Vickers

## Wanda Rotha in a Katharine Cornell Role

As Princess Oparre in Maxwell Anderson's *The Wingless Victory*, produced by Michael Redgrave at the Phoenix Theatre last week, Wanda Rotha has a role which was originally created by the famous Katharine Cornell in New York. The scene of the play is laid in New England in 1800 and the story tells how Nathaniel McQuestion, a wealthy South Seas trader, brings as a bride to his home in the narrow, bigoted community of Salem, the lovely Princess Oparre of the Celebes. The consequences of such a homecoming in such a community can only be tragic and Wanda Rotha takes full advantage of the tremendous dramatic scope offered. *The Wingless Victory* is the first play by Maxwell Anderson to be produced in the West End although as author of *Winterset*, *High Tor* and *The Masque of Kings* he holds a high place among contemporary American dramatists





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Collapse

IT will be some time before all the facts are known about the events which led to the surrender of Italy. Undoubtedly Marshal Badoglio was set on this course the moment he threw Mussolini from power and accepted leadership of the nation under King Victor. Even so, there is an air of mystery about this dramatic development which gives an Oppenheim atmosphere. Obviously, Lisbon was the neutral capital to which Marshal Badoglio sent his first emissary, and there it is just as clear that contact was established with the British. At no time does Count Grandi, the former Italian Ambassador in London, appear to have had anything to do with the negotiations. Probably he would have liked the opportunity. It is still difficult to understand how the Germans were fooled by the Italians. The Germans could not have known much, otherwise they would have made a greater song and dance, and would not have tried to hide their chagrin. For some time they have had that arch-Fascist, Farinacci, in their care, and had they suspected Marshal Badoglio they would have made the former Fascist party secretary the head of a quisling government. However, it is still too early, at the time of writing, to assess all the factors and the repercussions they will have on the situation in Europe as a whole. The surrender was timely for the Allies, it came at a time when the forces of the United Nations are reaching the peak of their power to inflict the greatest possible blows on Germany.

## Forecast

IN a thirty-thousand word report to Mr. Henry Stimson, the United States Secretary for War, General George Marshall has proclaimed that "the end is not yet clearly in

sight, but victory is certain." General Marshall, as Chief of Staff of the American Army, is a modest, unassuming man who is not given to flights of imagination. He backs his forecast with facts and figures and produces a sound case for cautious optimism. Presumably he compiled his report before the dramatic turn in the Italian situation, although he must have had before him fairly comprehensive information about the situation there and in the Balkans as well as in Germany. The Germans do not hide their anxiety. One blow seems to follow another with the relentlessness of approaching fate. Goebbels tries to make his propaganda fit every twist his distorted mind can conceive. Hitler's silence is sinister. What has happened to him?

It appears fairly obvious that his hand is no longer on the helm, for whatever may be, and can be, said of him he had the power to control and dominate the weaker personalities, as well as some of the stronger, about him. It would not surprise me if Hitler is sulking at Berchtesgaden. There can be no other explanation for his failure to address the German people and urge them to their greatest effort. Do those who now control Germany believe that Hitler is no longer a spellbinder?

## Action

WE are now in the fifth year of the war, with all the strength of Britain and the United States more closely welded than ever before in history. This strength is being poised gradually for the overthrow of the first, and the last, enemy in Europe. The manner in which the British and Americans have massed their strength, and the way in which they are now beginning to employ it, shows consistency as well as caution. It doesn't appear that there are going to be any fireworks, nothing but



## The Day of Prayer

Second Officer Jedwiga Pilsudska, First Officer A. D. Ferguson (right), and another pilot, members of the A.T.A., took part in the service held at an airfield on September 3. Mlle Pilsudska is the daughter of the late Marshal Pilsudski.

deadly pressure slowly applied. Says General Marshall: "The fifth phase in which we are now engaged involves the launching of Allied military power against our enemies in a series of constantly increasing offensive blows until they are beaten into complete submission."

There are rumours that General Marshall will lead this fifth and final phase of the war in Europe as Supreme Commander-in-Chief of all Allied forces. It is not the first time that this story has been published and its authenticity is fully accepted in some quarters. General Marshall is unique in American military convention inasmuch as he is now serving his second term as Commander-in-Chief. Usually the term lasts for four years, and is never extended. President Roosevelt has a high opinion of General Marshall's capacity for co-ordinating military organisation as well as co-operating with the heads of the other Services. This is no easy task, but General Marshall fulfils it with firmness and friendliness.



## Tedder's Autograph for an Airman

After he had opened the R.A.F. Malcolm Club in Tunis, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Air C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean, gave his autograph to a young airman. The club is a recreational centre for men of the Royal Air Force in Tunis.



## Cambridge Air Squadron Ceremony

Air Vice-Marshal N. D. K. McEwen presented to the Cambridge University Air Squadron a portrait of F/O Kenneth Campbell, V.C., a former member of the squadron, who lost his life during a daring and successful torpedo attack on an enemy battle cruiser. W/Cdr. Lewis accepted the gift for the C.U.A.S.





#### Commanding the U.S. Eighth Fighter Command

Major-General William E. Kepner was recently appointed Commander of the U.S. Eighth Fighter Command, succeeding Brigadier-General O'D. Hunter. In 1934 in the United States General Kepner flew nearly twelve miles into the stratosphere in a balloon. He is seen above at his London headquarters



#### General H. H. Arnold On a Visit to Britain

General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the U.S. Army Air Forces, arrived not long ago in Britain from Washington. He came to confer with British and American air chiefs, and other Air Ministry and Air Force officers, and is visiting American Air Force combat stations, headquarters and hospitals

#### Advance

RETURNING for a moment to General Marshall's survey, he says that the Russians are engaging four-fifths of the German ground forces, and one-third of the Luftwaffe. No one can doubt the weight and responsibility of this mighty engagement. The Russians are fulfilling it with skill and genius as well as indomitable courage. Hitler thought that he could defeat the Russians in a short winter campaign! The Russians have proved themselves equal and superior to all the military experience the Germans could muster. Hitler will always carry the blame for the campaign in Russia, but history may prove that it was, in fact, the German General Staff who encouraged him to undertake it. It is clear that it is the German General Staff who are now trying to extricate the German armies from their predicament.

All the German strategy is employed in trying to disengage the enemy in order to retreat as quickly as possible to a shorter line well away from the Russian main forces. All the Russian tactics are directed towards keeping the Germans engaged, that is why the Russians are attacking at so many points. It does not appear that the Russians are ready to mass their forces for a big offensive which would inevitably allow them to break through the German lines. Their strategy seems to be aimed at pinning the Germans down wherever they may be so that they can be overtaken by the severity of winter and finally overwhelmed by the advantages which the snow will give the Russians.

#### Co-operation

A PART from echoing cries for the opening of a second front there are indications of closer co-operation and greater understanding with Soviet Russia. It is good news that she is to serve on a committee which it is hoped to set up to deal with political and economic problems arising out of military operations in the Mediterranean area. Machinery of this kind is certainly necessary, for there should be complete co-operation at all points, if, and when, occupied countries are freed and enemy countries seek surrender terms. In all stages of the Italian situation the Soviet Government were always consulted. It seems that M. Maisky's short visit to London has been most beneficial to all concerned, and that much headway has been made in preparing for a

conference of the Foreign Ministers of Britain, America and Russia.

Some time must elapse before the conference can start its discussions, and there is always a possibility of further misunderstandings arising. But Mr. Anthony Eden has been applying himself wholeheartedly to the publicly expressed desire of Mr. Churchill to get maximum co-operation with Russia and the United States. One of the most distinguished and representative diplomatic occasions of the war was the lunch Mr. Eden gave to M. and Madame Maisky the other day, as a tribute to the former ambassador's long service in London, and to honour him on his appointment as the Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

#### Oratory

THE Prime Minister's address on receiving his honorary degree at Harvard was a model of Churchillian oratory, bold and constructive, hopeful and visionary. In the speech one could see the driving force of Mr. Churchill's policy since he became Prime Minister. It is nothing more than the binding of Britain and America more closely and more permanently in partnership. None can speak better than he can of the degree of integration reached by the Government machines in London and Washington, but I can imagine there will be some who will not like the idea of maintaining the joint Chiefs of Staff Committee after the war. But this is only an idea of the Prime Minister's, and it may be that he and President Roosevelt have in mind some fuller and more comprehensive plan for ensuring Anglo-American co-operation.

All who come back from the United States speak enthusiastically of the friendship of the Americans and of the admiration they have for the British. All this is due to the character, personality and perseverance of the Prime Minister. That there should be understanding between Britain and America in this fifth year of the war is heartening as well as promising in face of the problems which peace must produce.

#### Candidate

IT is regarded as certain by those who know the cross-winds in Washington that President Roosevelt will stand for re-election for a fourth term. They also believe that his success is assured in spite of the activities of his political opponents. I am told that there is every possibility that Mr. Wendell Willkie will finally be

chosen as the Republican candidate to make a second bid for the high place in the White House. Mr. Wendell Willkie is the only Republican of any stature who has got a foreign policy which seems to approximate to what American public opinion wants. Mr. Willkie was a good friend of Britain in the days of our crisis, when he prodded the President and assisted him in developing American opinion in favour of the British cause. So it can be said that Mr. Willkie's policy does not differ much in the international sphere from Mr. Roosevelt's; but on home politics they must clash. Mr. Willkie in that sphere will have all the advantages of a critic, while Mr. Roosevelt must be on the defensive in justifying wartime restrictions which have proved more irksome to the Americans than they have to us.



#### Ex-Viceroy and Viceroy-Designate

The Over-Seas League held an allied reception to Viscount Wavell, at which all the United Nations were represented. In this picture the Earl of Lytton, a former Viceroy of India, is seen with Lord Wavell, the new Viceroy



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Ring me up, Walt!

By James Agate

PROPOS of the balloon Dr. Johnson said: "We now know a method of mounting into the air, and, I think, are not likely to know more. . . . I had now rather find a medicine that can ease an asthma." We now know a great deal about aeroplanes and are likely, I think, to know a great deal more. All the same, I had rather now find a method of keeping my telephone in order. Owing to circumstances conceivably under Post Office control but definitely beyond mine I regret I was unable to see the first half of *Victory Through Air Power*, the new Walt Disney film at the New Gallery.

I must, therefore, take the word of my old friend Synopsis that the history of aviation from the Wright Brothers' first flight to the present day is fascinating. I am prepared to believe that "with typical Disney ingenuity, the animation sequences have been woven in such a way that laughs, thrills, stark drama and sheer beauty are all vividly portrayed." Yes, I see no reason why the first half of the picture should not have been highly entertaining.

WHEN I arrived the serious part had alas, begun. I have been reading recently that many Americans at home are more absorbed in the question of beating the Japanese than they are in overthrowing Germany; which is natural and understandable. The greater part of that part of the picture which I saw is devoted to solving the Japanese question. Are the Allies to get back, island by island, the territory conquered by the Japs? Bombing by means of vast fleets of airplane-carriers? Close-hand bombing from China? All these are examined, and the solution which has been found by Major Alexander P. de Seversky is: long-distance bombing by airplanes capable of traversing three thousand miles. The thing I can't understand is how engineering science, which can build aeroplanes capable of carrying ten-ton bombs thousands of miles, cannot enable me to telephone to Jones without becoming inextricably entangled with Smith.

THE film is an admirable one for the young or the illiterate. Which, judging by today's errand-boys and messengers, is pretty much the same thing. The lecturer desires to convey to the audience this fact or series of facts: let us say, munitions of war are made in New York, sent to San Francisco by road and thence by sea, the carrying vessel being subject to submarine attack, to wherever they are bound. To enable us to understand this we are shown the factory where the munitions are made, the trucks jogging along the road, the steamboat chugging away, the lurking U-boat, the discharge of the torpedo and the explosion. Is it desired to indicate the isolation of China? Then we are shown something like the old fourteenth hole at Llandudno with a hedge of mountains behind and a sea full of Japanese submarines in front. We hear a great deal of the frontiers of Germany being like a rim, and how the Allies are

continually trying to pierce the rim. Whereupon we are shown the rim of a large wheel with a lot of arrows trying to make dents in it. In other words the film does literally by means of pictures for the eye what print or the spoken voice does for the ear and mind of the normally intelligent person. In this sense *Victory Through Air Power* is a strictly childish affair. It is Mr. Squeers's C-l-e-a-n W-i-n-d-e-r all over again. And now will Mr. Disney kindly give us a film showing how a telephone is constructed? It is just possible that the Post Office, having learned how a telephone works, may be able to keep one in working-order.

I AM inclined to think that *Hitler's Madman* (Empire) should be regarded as an instructional film. This story of the destruction of Lidice and what led up to it is no more drama than a detailed newspaper account of this horror would be drama. The picture is grim and revolting, but it lacks that total gesture which every work of art should have. Perhaps what I am trying to say is that *Hitler's Madman* is not a work of art. Indeed, it does not set out to be. The terrible tale is told with simplicity and straightforwardness. How a young Czech in the R.A.F. (Alan Curtis) returns to his native village by parachuting from a plane at night. How he hopes to free his people from the Nazi yoke. How he is reunited with his sweetheart (Patricia Morison). How he tries to incite the villagers and how they fear to rebel. How the district is tyrannised over by the so-called Reich protector of Bohemia, Heydrich (John Carradine, an admirable performance). How Heydrich disturbs a religious procession in the village, shoots the priest and is himself shot some days later by the infuriated villagers. How Heydrich dies a coward's death. How Himmler takes command. How he orders that the village be destroyed, the men hanged, the women despatched to concentration camps, the children sent to German schools. And how all this is carried out. The picture is ten times grimmer than Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*, which is a work of art, and ten times less



"The White Captive" has Jon Hall and Maria Montez as leading stars. Sabu is also in the film

effective. But instructionalists will like it, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were perfectly justified in making it.

WHY were our highbrow film critics so snooty about that delightful bit of nonsense *White Captive* (Leicester Square)? The story is, at least, as credible as Rider Haggard's *She*. It tells, in the best Technicolor I have yet seen, how a shark-hunter visits a South Sea island and meets a beautiful princess whose intimate circle contains Sabu, a villainous German, and a most amusing Chinese lawyer-detective-doctor. The princess owns a swimming-pool the bottom of which is made of gold and precious stones. This is coveted by the villainous German but watched over by the god who appears to have been imported from Mexico. There is a scene in which the shark-hunter is imprisoned on the top of a mast with a crowd of hungry panthers below, and from which he is extricated by Sabu. There is a magnificent poker-sequence quite as exciting as anything in Stevenson. The end shows the villainous German digging up the bathing-pool's bejewelled floor, which so annoys the god that smoke issues from his nostrils and he causes the temple to fall down and destroy the despoilers. Is Maria Montez a little too South Kensington? Is Jon Hall growing a double chin? Perhaps.

But Sidney Toler as the villain, and some undefined actor as the Chinese lawyer are excellent. And Sabu still manages to retain his charm.

SINCE nothing would have induced me to leave the theatre before I had seen the very last of this delicious bosh, so, equally, nothing will induce me to be snooty about it. It presents a picture of life more entertaining than that normally led in Camden Town, more exciting than that enjoyed in High Holborn, and fuller of surprises than that endured in the elegant suburbs in which our highbrow critics sublimate their so precious selves.

The picture was preceded by a film of the destruction of Warsaw on 1st September, 1939: a picture whose importance as a document cannot be overlooked. I am, therefore, all the more astonished not to see it mentioned anywhere.



"Victory Through Air Power" owes its theme and ingenuity to these two men, Walt Disney and Major Alexander P. de Seversky, photographed in happy mood at the Disney Studios



## Two More War Films

"Hitler's Madman" At The Empire,  
"Escape To Danger" At The London Pavilion



### Two Shots from "Hitler's Madman"—the Death of Heydrich and the Reunion of the Young Lovers

**Hitler's Madman** recalls the tragic story of Lidice, the village wiped off the face of the earth by the Nazis. It tells of a young Czech airman, Karel (Alan Curtis), who returns to his native village by R.A.F. plane and parachute, hoping to free his people from the Nazis, of the difficulties he encounters, the unrest he incites which leads to the shooting of Heydrich (John Carradine), the arrival of Himmler (Howard Freeman) and the terror which follows, the killing of Jarmila (Patricia Morison), Karel's boyhood sweetheart, and finally Karel's own escape to freedom—to fight on till the end against the bitter domination of Nazidom. The original story is by Emil Ludwig and Albrecht Joseph; the film directed by Douglas Sirk.



### Big Moments in "Escape to Danger"—A Nazi Conference and a Meeting of Two Spies

**Escape to Danger** brings together once again Eric Portman and Ann Dvorak, the two stars of *Squadron Leader X*. The film is a story of espionage and of the courage of a young English school teacher (Ann Dvorak) living in Denmark during the Nazi occupation who, while working in secret with the Danish patriots, is successful in gaining the confidence of the occupation authorities. Her trip to England in the pay of the Nazis, her meeting with Anthony Lawrence (Eric Portman), a member of the British Secret Special Investigation Department, and the subsequent exposure of the German plans to destroy British invasion craft make up the story. The film is produced and directed by Victor Hanbury, Lance Comfort and Mutz Greenbaum from the story by Patrick Kirwan.



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Uncle Vanya (Westminster)

WHEN the Stage Society produced *Uncle Vanya* in 1914, Chekov was, to us, still a comparatively unknown dramatist. And members of that select audience before which he made his English debut were so taken by surprise that some of them, we are told, after twiddling their critical thumbs before turning them down, walked out of the theatre. Though not yet all the rage, he is no longer the mere darling of the few. Wisdom-after-the-event is an effective antidote to impulsive opinion; and surviving members of that first audience must recall their over-hasty reaction with mixed feelings today. Nevertheless, it is possible that, were he still an unknown visitor to these barbarous shores, the pleasure given by the present production at the Westminster might have been less general, and the praise bestowed on it more guarded. We have learned not to expect from him what is designedly not there; and producers no longer fumble with the puzzles he used to set them. His name is still spelt in various ways. So was Shakespeare's. That which Mr. Norman Marshall adopts has, like his excellent production, the virtue of simplicity.

*Uncle Vanya*, I understand, is a reconsidered version of an earlier play, *The Wood Demon*, which Chekov wrote in youthful haste, and re-wrote, for production under its present title, several years later. Like the prentice work of other masters, it betrays the influence of congenial predecessors, and its youthfully exuberant invention occasionally verges on parody. The tutelary influence seems to have been Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, with the plot of which it has some affinity. The touches of parody are, as it were, prophetic of Chekov's own maturer plays.

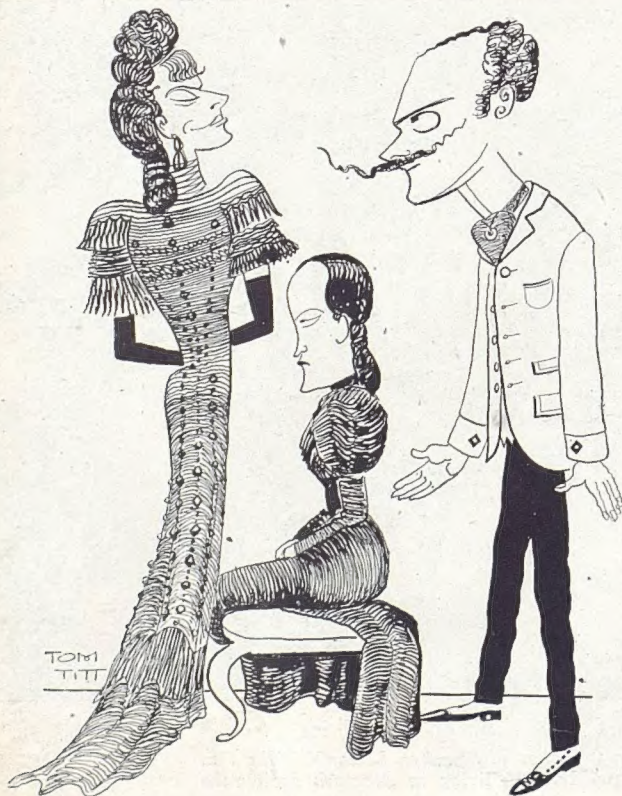
IN spite of its great charm and idiosyncrasy, *Uncle Vanya* is, I suggest, an interesting rather than a great play. Its composition is not too tidy, and its spirit is sometimes equivocal. The characterisation has the touch and vision of the master, and the dialogue has both open beauties and profounder implications. But there are passages that can drag, and others that, in the circumstances, may still seem incongruous.

It opens with what we, as playgoers at any rate, accept as a picture of life in old Russia, where the landed gentry, grown effete, have lost faith even in themselves, and face, rather than fight, a mournful war with love, hope and self-confidence. Luxuriating in philosophic melancholy, they drink, talk hot air, and sadly survey the battlefield of life without either the impulse to fight, or the energy to run away.

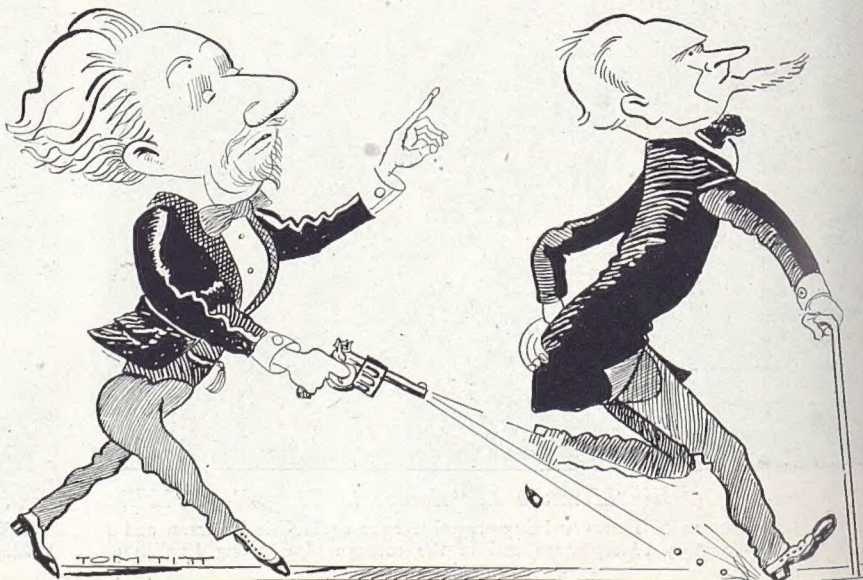


Olaf Pooley, Nadine March  
and Enid Lindsey

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Joan Swinstead, Vivienne Bennett, Frith Banbury



Harold Scott who Plays the Name Part, "Uncle Vanya," and Graveley Edwards

They are very articulate, and we have learned to listen to their talk with rapt attention. Their manners and customs, so unlike our own, have the charm of return visits to a haunting rendezvous abroad, and we are glad to refresh our acquaintance with them. We know them better by sight, perhaps, than intimately: the valetudinarian, egotistical landowner, his friends, relations and parasites, and the dear old samovar-centred nurse. The women are, as a rule, the better men. Here Chekov's romantic realism is beautifully expressed in his portrait of the landowner's daughter—young, but already ill-fated in love—which Miss Vivienne Bennett's strong yet sensitive performance substantiates.

These characters excel in exchange of confidences and introspective soliloquy. Their sense of the passage of time is cosmic, and they have an exquisite taste in music. The prevailing topic of conversation is love—lost, vainly, desired, or misdirected; a nostalgic lament for vanished beauty and what might have been.

THE sudden flare up of the action into farce—with-firearms is less disconcerting to them than to the sympathetic spectator to whom it may suggest that he is taking the play too seriously, or that the dramatist isn't playing quite fair. But out of the strong comes forth sweetness; one of those lovely endings which have the poignancy of verse, and in which the characters ease their eternally broken hearts by temporarily breaking our own.

One may have reservations; but none of them apply to Miss Bennett's performance, which shines amid the encircling gloom, or to the admirable *Uncle Vanya* of Mr. Harold Scott. Miss Joan Swinstead's young but unhappy wife is a dry-point that somehow suggests a *Yellow Book* duchess ironically condescending to the Edwardian make-believe of a Devonshire House ball; and as the harmless but necessary doctor, Mr. Frith Banbury struggles valiantly with his own eager youth and an insuperable make-up.

Mr. Roger Furse's imaginative decor houses these distinguished castaways in apartments that have the right atmospheric charm; and Mr. Marshall handles, with art and craft, the technical problems set by this autumn-tinted tragi-comedy, which should be seen, and may be enjoyed, without violence to one's native prejudices or repression of one's spontaneous opinion.

[We regret that in our issue of September 1 *Sunny River* was said to be at the Palace Theatre. It is, of course, at the Piccadilly.]





Sonya : " Oh, how awful it is that I am not beautiful "  
As Sonya, Vivienne Bennett plays the part of the professor's daughter, a girl disappointed in love

## " Uncle Vanya "

Norman Marshall's Company in  
a Chekov Tragi-Comedy

Norman Marshall's Company was founded at the end of last year by the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust in conjunction with C.E.M.A. Its headquarters are at Cambridge, but the Company spend only a part of their time there, playing frequently in other towns. Besides *Uncle Vanya*, their repertoire includes Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, Pinero's *The Gay Lord Quex*, Schnitzler's *Playing with Love*, Sheridan's *The Critic*, and a new adaptation of Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. The *Uncle Vanya* production, which is at the Westminster Theatre until October 2nd, is reviewed by Horace Horsnell on the facing page



Astrov : " It is a picture of gradual and unmistakable degeneration "  
Astrov's words might well describe the family living on the Serebryakov Estate ; they, too, are a " picture of unmistakable degeneration. "  
Astrov is a doctor and a drunkard. The professor's young wife is in love with him. (Joan Swinstead, Frith Banbury)



Marina : " I have a grumbling pain in my legs, too—such a pain "  
Marina, the family nurse, gets tired of the continual complaints of Serebryakov (Nadine March, Graveley Edwards, Vivienne Bennett)



Sonya : " We shall go on living, Uncle Vanya ; we shall live through a long chain of days and weary evenings "  
Sonya gives what comfort she can to Vanya. (Vivienne Bennett, Harold Scott)



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Guests of the King and Queen

THE KING and Queen have had their young nephew, Prince William of Gloucester, staying with them in the country. It was a great thrill for the two Princesses, who spent most of their time looking after him. The young Prince is quite absurdly like his father. There is a Royal "look" which seems persistent throughout the whole family, for another of the young Princes, Prince Edward of Kent, who will be eight years old next month, is almost the double of his father, the late Duke of Kent, who was so tragically killed last year.

After their short holiday with the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester found a lot of work and a number of appointments waiting for them. Their private secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas, who is not only tall, dark and handsome, but also a tireless worker, manages to combine the duties of secretary both to the Duke and to the Duchess, as well as a number of equally exacting duties at the



### Recently Christened Till, Dover

After his christening, Thomas Walter, son of Capt. and Mrs. Claud Montagu Douglas Scott, was photographed with his mother (formerly Peggy Philips). His father, who has the M.C., is in the Lothians and Border Horse

Foreign Office. He has planned a series of visits for T.R.H. which will take them up to Christmas and involve many hundreds of miles' travelling.

### Coming Home

QUITE a number of British children who went over to America soon after the fall of France are coming home. It is another sign of the general optimism of the times. Among those who will be arriving in this country shortly are the three children of the Earl and Countess of Limerick. The young Viscount Glentworth, his brother Michael, and sister, Lady Anne Pery, are each coming home alone, travelling by separate routes, so they should have some interesting experiences to tell each other when the family is once more reunited.

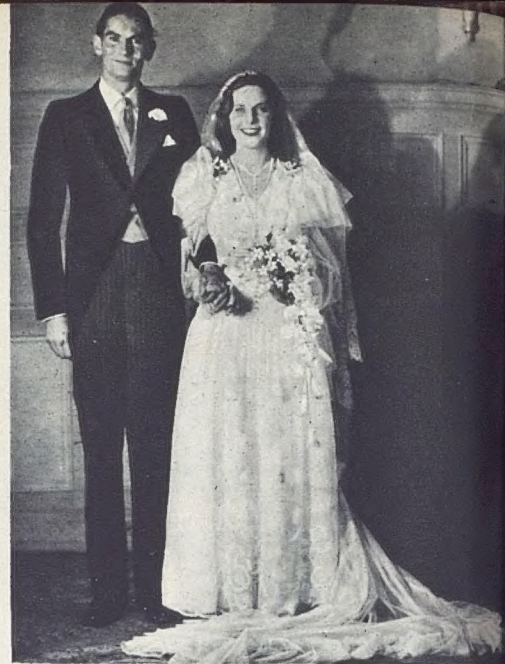
Mr. John Winant, the American Ambassador over here, is one of the many who believe that the presence of British evacuee children of all classes in the United States has done immeasurable good for our two countries. It is one—perhaps the only one—good effect of

Hitler's bombing raids. People in America who have so generously been host to these children for over three years now, have gained a much clearer insight into the kind of people we are than would have been possible in any other circumstances, and the children coming home will be convincing ambassadors of Anglo-American goodwill. Mr. Winant attaches so much importance to this aspect of the matter that I understand he is giving his full support to a scheme now being considered for extending the transatlantic movement after the war, making it possible for there to be regular exchanges of young boys and girls between this country and the United States of America without the unpleasant impetus of air raids.

### Others on Their Way

AMONG other children now on their way home are the six grandchildren of Lady Howard de Walden. By all accounts they have been having a wonderful time in Canada, making their headquarters in Montreal and going down to the sea for the summer months. Lady Howard has been looking after them and is travelling home with them. The party includes the two little girls of her second daughter, Countess Orloff-Davidoff (whose husband is serving in the Navy); her son's two eldest girls, Mary and Blanche, who will find a baby sister, born while they were in Canada, waiting for them; and Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory's two children, who have been with their mother in Washington, where their father, Mr. Richard Heathcoat-Amory, was attached to our Embassy.

Lord Howard de Walden is living at Chirk Castle, his home in Wales, near Llangollen. The castle was emptied in the early days of the war in anticipation of being taken over by the Government, but these plans eventually fell through, and Lord Howard is living in a small part of the building with a minute staff and putting in a great deal of work as head of the local Home Guard. His son and heir, the Hon. John Scott-Ellis, who married Countess Irene Harrach, is in the Tanks, and his two unmarried daughters are both active in war work—Priscilla, who is twenty-seven, nursing in a Polish hospital in Scotland, and Rosemary, the youngest of the family, born in 1922,



### Bride and Bridegroom Swache

Mr. Danvers L. R. Osborn, son of Sir Algernon and Lady Osborn, married Miss Constance Rooke, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. L. F. Rooke, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

soldiering in the A.T.S. The Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis was a lance-corporal at the same time as Miss Mary Churchill and Miss Judy Montagu, all three, who are great friends, being in the same unit.

### Out of Hospital

AFTER three months in University College Hospital, Lady Desborough is at home again. In May she had the very bad fortune to slip and fracture her thigh, and has been in hospital ever since. Even now she is not allowed to stand, but she is making good progress and is delighted to be at home and able to lie out in her own garden again. Her home—Panshanger, near Hertford—has been a post-natal hospital for the past three years, and she and Lord Desborough live in "the wing." Their very lovely, and perhaps better known home, Taplow Court, on the river, is housing an immense girls' school very happily, and another of their homes, Marden Hill, has been taken over as a Roman Catholic College for boys. The whole of the park at Panshanger—nearly 500 acres—is under plough and the corn has been looking wonderful. Panshanger is a charming, low-built and castellated house.



### A Fun Fair for Charity at Minto House

Clapperion, Selkirk

The fun fair was held in aid of the County and District Nursing Association, at Minto House, Hawick, home of the Earl of Minto. It was opened by Col. Walter Elliot, M.C., P.C., M.P., who is seen in front, with Lord and Lady Minto. Behind them is the Duchess of Roxburghe with Ladies Willa and Bridget Elliot, daughters of Lord Minto





Some of the Guests at the Osborn-Rooke Wedding Reception

Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme were at the reception with Miss P. Maxicell Woosnam after the wedding. The bride was given away by her father, Capt. L. F. Rooke, and Capt. Peter Osborn was best man to his brother



Swaebe

Lady Sandhurst (right) had three members of her family with her at the reception: her younger son, the Hon. Geoffrey Mansfield; her daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. John Mansfield; and her only daughter, Viscountess Parker

Lady Desborough is particularly attached to it for it is her own, inherited from her maternal uncle, the seventh and last Earl Cowper. Its house-parties were famous before the war, particularly in the pheasant-shooting season. Guests were drawn from diplomatic, political and literary circles—not all of them by any means there for the birds—and Sir James Barrie was a frequent visitor.

#### Lady Louis Mountbatten

It is unlikely that Lady Louis Mountbatten will accompany her husband when he goes East. She has taken over a great deal of important work since war began, and her absence from this country would be seriously felt in a number of directions. Like her husband, she is a most energetic worker. Early in the morning she can be seen leaving her nice little home in Chester Street, and she is seldom able to return before seven in the evening. Her work takes her all over the country; she travels mostly by train, except for very short journeys, when she uses her small car, which she nearly always drives herself. Since last year Lady Louis has been Superintendent-in-Chief of the joint Red Cross and St. John Organisation and

is a member of its Executive Committee, which entails more hard work than one would imagine. She is also joint Chairman of the Hampshire Red Cross and St. John County Committee. Her work makes it necessary for her to have headquarters in London, and it is not often that she can spare the time to go to her home, Broadlands, near Ramsey, which she inherited on the death of her father, Lord Mount Temple. Her town house used to belong to Lady Juliet Duff, and although it is in complete contrast to her former home at Brook House, it is cosy and easily run with its two-rooms-a-floor design. The drawing-room is one of the L-shaped ones common to this type of house, and Lady Louis has made it very comfortable and homely with plenty of photographs, many of the King and Queen and the Princesses, and of the late Duke of Kent with his Duchess and their young family.

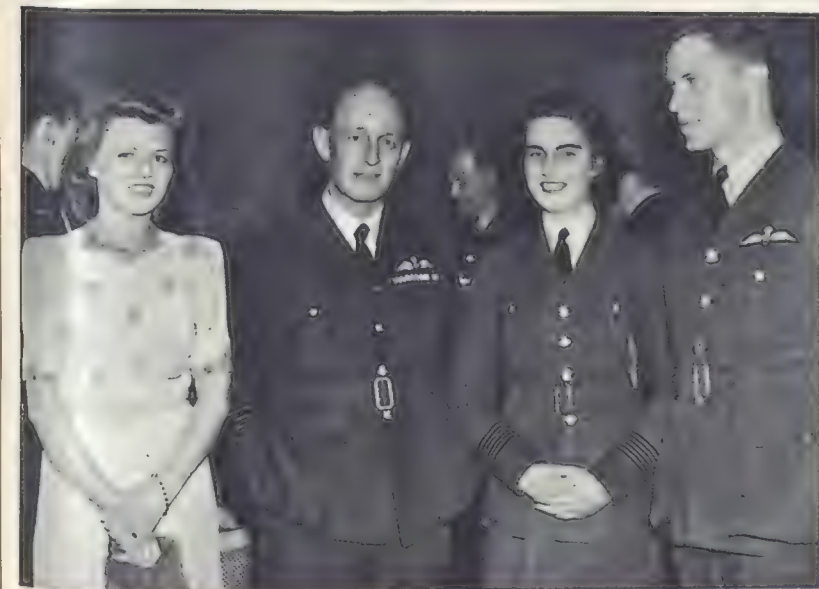
Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten's elder girl, Patricia, is now in the W.R.N.S. She is a fair, good-looking girl, taller than her mother. Her great friend, Miss Anne Curzon-Howe, is in the W.R.N.S. with her, and they seem to be thoroughly enjoying their experiences in the ranks.

#### Mrs. Churchill's Funds

DURING the coming week or ten days, three important functions have been arranged to help two of Mrs. Churchill's special funds—her Y.W.C.A. Fund and Aid-to-Russia Fund. The first is on Monday, the 20th, when an exhibition and sale will be opened by Lady Violet Astor at Simpson's in Piccadilly in aid of the Y.W.C.A. One of the special interests will be a Food Stall where you can take your choice according to your palate and profession from a number of exciting-looking bottles, each rather mysteriously labelled, "Bottled by a Barrister," "Pickled by a Typist," and so on.

The following Monday, the 27th, a special performance of *Dancing Years* at the Adelphi will be in aid of the Russia Fund. Mrs. Churchill has herself taken the Royal Box, and excitement will be added by the auctioneering in the interval of a model dress presented by Madame Mirova. Yet another function—the third—will be held the following afternoon when it will be the Y.W.C.A.'s turn again to be helped by a performance of *Arsenic and Old Lace* at the Strand.

(Concluded on page 344)



The Wings Club Dance: More People Who Went to It

This group at the dance includes Lady Dudley, G/Capt. G. E. F. Waring, D.F.C. (inventor of the lifeboat dropped by parachute), W/O. G. E. Williams and F/O. H. Disney. Lady Dudley is Danish, and was Miss Kirsten Albrechtson before her marriage in 1911



Swaebe

F/Lt. Sir Gifford Fox, M.P., and Lady Amy Biddulph were two more enjoying the evening at the Wings Club. She is a sister of the Earl of Normanton. Sir Gifford has represented Henley in the House of Commons since 1932. Other photos on page 333

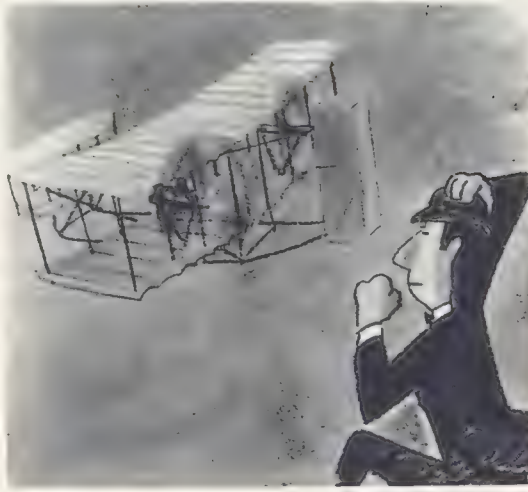


# Victory Through Air Power

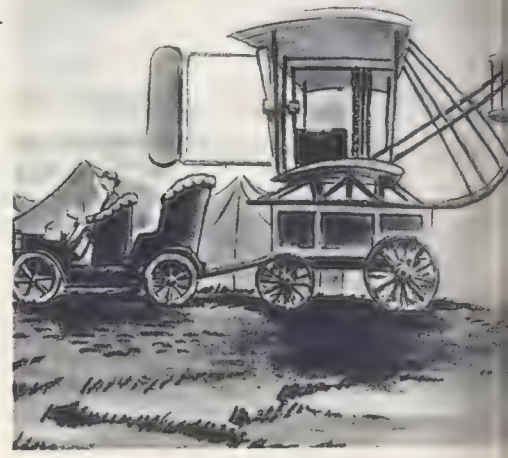
Simply and Realistically, Walt  
Disney Tells the Story of the  
Aeroplane and its Power



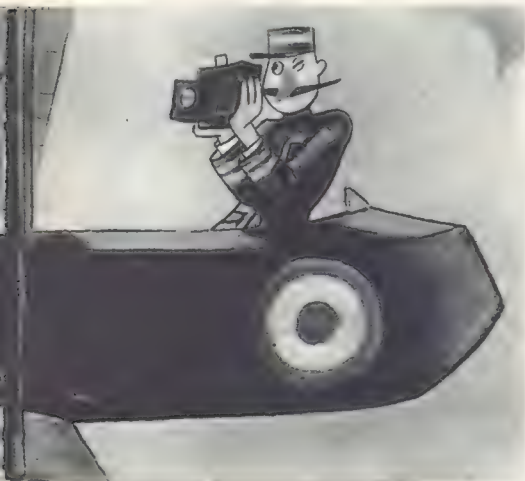
*Five Spectators at Kitty Hawk on December 17, 1903, saw the Wright Bros., of Ohio, adjust their flying machine and its 15-h.p. engine for its first flight*



*The world's first plane took off and for twelve seconds was airborne, Wilbur Wright running alongside while Orville Wright piloted*



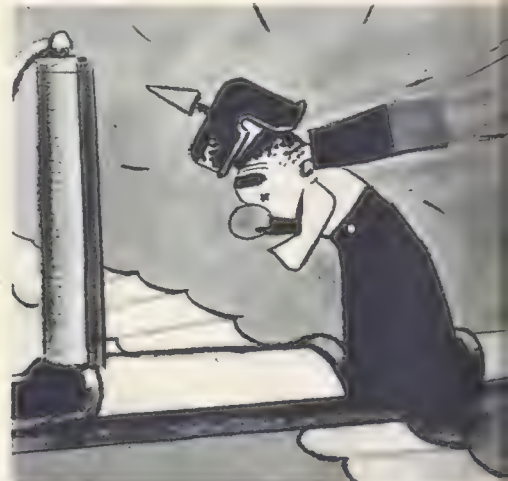
*The Army bought the plane and carted it off to Fort Myer, where it crashed. Nevertheless, the Army bought the Wrights' new model in 1909*



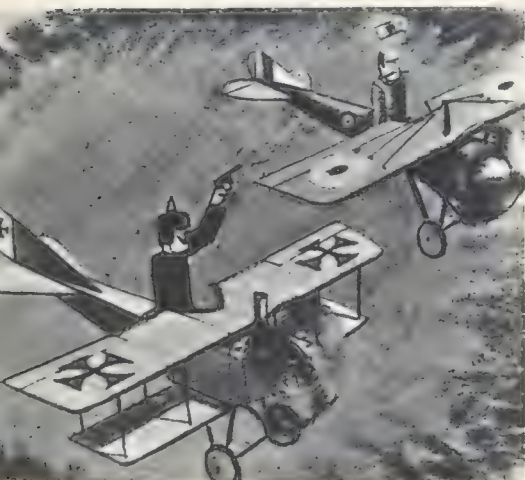
*Reconnaissance Flying started in 1914. It was a friendly business, and British and German airmen sportingly waved to each other as they took pictures*



*Portrait of a German, which was among the early sensational "catches" of reconnaissance experiment. Aerial warfare was then a light-hearted adventure*



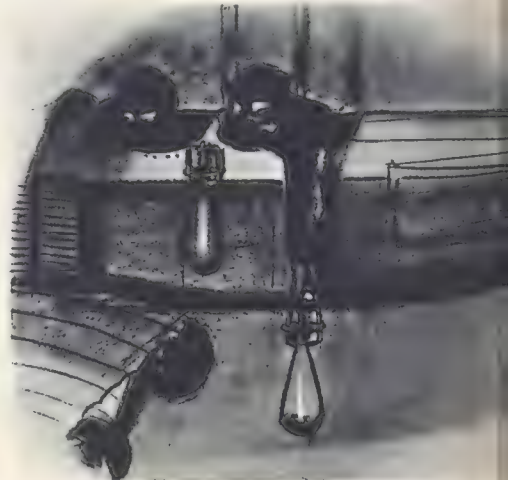
*Got 'Im! First big success when aerial warfare started in earnest was with a well-aimed brick which cracked the Hun's skull*



*Retaliation came in the form of a pistol. Thereafter airmen carried not only pistols, but also rifles and shotguns*



*First Aerial Gunner shot off his own propeller in the excitement of meeting the enemy. Science had later to supply the remedy*



*Hand Bombs were the next startling innovation. They proved effective against enemy ground installations, and big bomb-carrying planes were ordered*

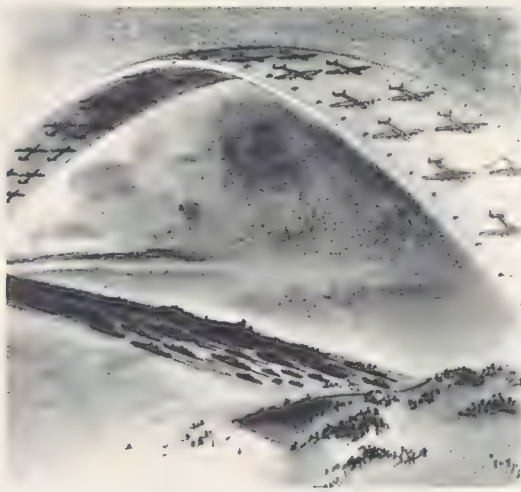


● In Walt Disney's version of Major Alexander P. de Seversky's best-seller, the military and strategic theories of the book are prefaced, in true Disney style, with the romantic, adventurous and sometimes comic story of the growth of aviation. Thus, with laughter, the audience is initiated into the terrific potentialities of the modern airplane as an instrument of power. Throughout the film, the voice of Seversky gives coherence to the theme, emphasising his arguments. In live action-scenes Major Seversky himself appears, and with the aid of model planes, a variety of maps and charts and a giant world globe, explains his design for victory. With inimitable Disney ingenuity, the world is spread out flat, adorned in relief with tiny models of man-made landmarks.

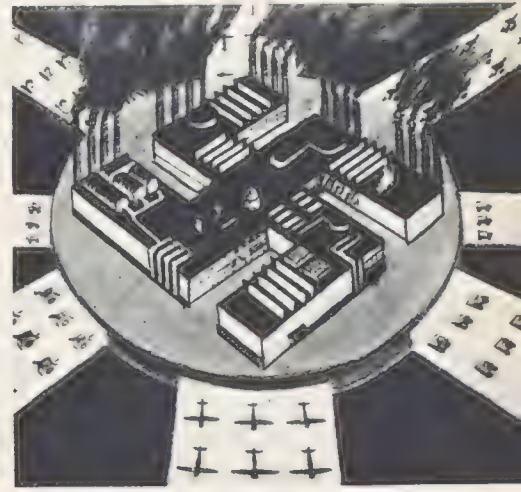
The value of the blow struck direct at the heart and brain of an enemy is symbolised in the allegory of an Octopus and Eagle. The Octopus (Japan) has China, Malaya, the Philippines and Burma writhing in its coils. Above, the Eagle, representing American air power, hovers, its wings outspread. By repeated blows at the head of the Octopus (Japan) and its brain (Tokyo), the invaded countries in its grasp are spared the destruction of their homes in their release from tyranny. This theory of Seversky will be neither new nor startling to audiences in this country. The success of Bomber Command under Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Harris has already convinced us of its power to hasten and ensure peace



**Maps, Charts and a giant world globe enable Major Seversky to explain his views to audiences, who can follow the war round the globe as he speaks**



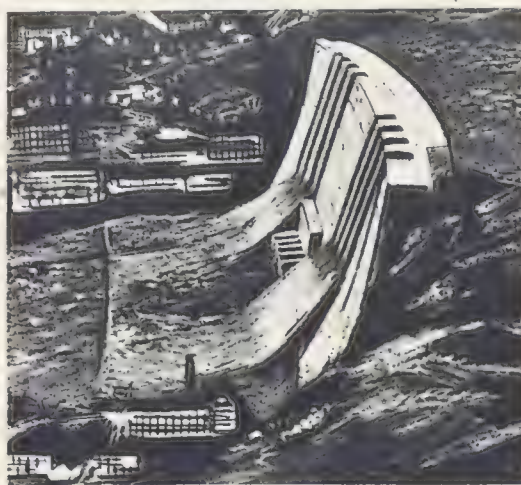
**The Aerial Umbrella gives protection to ground troops. This instance depicts the evacuation of Dunkirk, when R.A.F. fighters gave a five-day cover to our men**



**The Hub of Hitler's power is his industrial might. His position is like a wheel, the spokes being streams of war equipment**



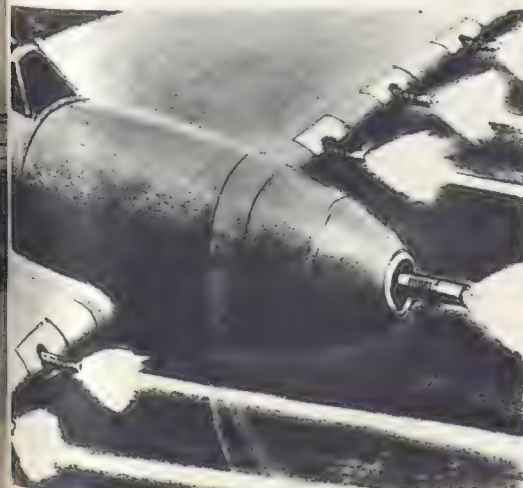
**Dominating the Sea, the torpedo-bomber finds its mark. A gorgeous vista of sea and sky is suddenly transformed to a whirlpool of death and destruction**



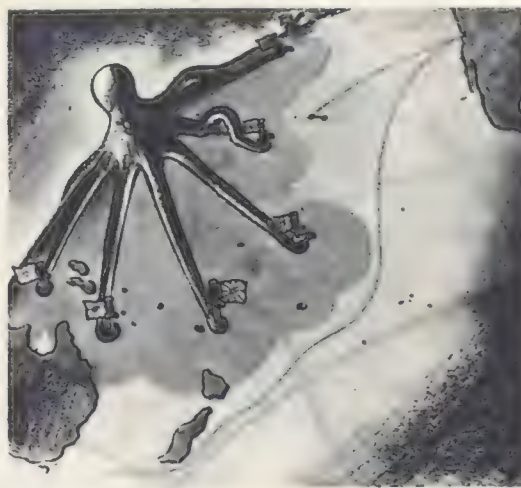
**Great German Dams are a target of enormous importance to the Allies. This shot will remind everyone in this country of the recent R.A.F. dam-busting raids**



**Factories and Marshalling Yards must be destroyed. Armadas of bombers destroy the vitals of Nazi industry, cutting off military supplies**



**The Guns of the great bombers completely blast the enemy in any attempted resistance. Fighters crumble before the continuous blazing fire**



**Japan is an Octopus. Its treacherous tentacles hold China, Malaya, the Philippines and Burma already in their grasp, and greedily stretch out for more**



**The American Eagle hovers over the Octopus. It falls, striking directly at the heart and brain of the Octopus. It is the signal of victory**



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WITH the enemy only thirty miles or so away, much-battered Hastings is indeed, as Auntie *Times* recently observed, no pleasure resort but a front-line town (not that Auntie was ever familiar with the mild peace-time attractions of Hastings, we bet. Auntie's the sort of girl who used to spend her holidays in Cannes, like Queen Victoria, looking down her nose at the French and having tea with polite clergymen).

To us the chief attraction of Hastings, apart from the tarry, fishy charm of what remains of the Old Town, is the cliffs, a tangible and sobering reminder to the Island Race that England is gradually sliding back into the sea. Hastings cliffs are to-day some fifty feet or more lower than they were when William the Conqueror saw them, as an authority recently remarked, and the process is continuing. When the Rev. Titus Oates was curate of All Saints and Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel's old mother lived in that quaint delightful cottage in the High Street, the Race was blissfully unaware of all this. Lamb, half shwipsy and frightfully bored with "seamews and stockbrokers, Amphitrites of the town and misses that coquet with the Ocean," never noticed any sinking feeling either. Our own reaction is that it's not altogether an unpleasant prospect, and it makes the babbling and screaming of the world-planning boys and girls of the Left much easier to endure. The utter futility of their arid schemes will not occur to some of those thinkers, maybe, till they find the Channel waves lapping quietly round their bobbing Adam's apples. It's the fish we're sorry for, at that.

## Move

HAVING opened the site of the National Theatre, South Kensington—facing the other Museum—with impressive ritual a few years ago, the trustees have now decided to move closer to the West End.

Viewing Slogger Shaw being solemnly handed the title-deeds and a clod of earth on that occasion, amid a gaggle of superior chaps in toppers, as at a first-class funeral, we felt the only name for this venture was "Théâtre des Folies-Nationales." Moreover (we thought, and still think) the only possible way to lure the apathetic citizenry out so far would be to run it as a high-toned variety house, with an attractive opening bill such as:

Capt. Tex Joad and his Performing Brains Trust Seals, Big-Time Bernie Shaw, the Trumpet King,

Les 16 Flying Westminster Glamour Girls, in song and dance,

Hurricane Herb Morrison and full company, in *Little Cæsar*, Tuxedo Tony Eden, *le Roi du Chic*, on the Slack Wire,

and a few more toplineers. Lutyens' original red-and-gold interior scheme would be ideal and the entire floor would be removable for big aquatic shows, like the London Hippodrome's.

## Flop

EVIDENTLY our grandiose dream can't be realised. A chap in close touch now tells us they tentatively engaged the artists in 1939, but the old familiar dressing-room jealousy cropped up and Les Glamour Girls flatly refused to share a room with Capt. Joad's performing seals, saying they smelt of creosote. Art, Art, what a harsh old taskmistress you are.

## Bogey

NORTHAMPTON's boot boys have lost no time in designing dainty wooden-soled shoes for women. Wooden shoes have lost their symbolic terror for the Race, one perceives.

It was very real while it lasted (see Sloggers Macaulay and Thackeray). Every English traveller 300 years ago seeing a fat and rosy French peasant-farmer shuffling



"Really, Major! You are a card!"

in sabots over his own land shivered at the sight of Gallic starvation, superstition, and serfdom. From the doom of wooden shoes William of Orange saved us, not to speak of his rouged and dainty Whig *mignons*. (Wooden shoes were also worn at this period by Dutchmen and Scandinavians, and clogs by the English of the North, but they were apparently all right.) As a result, you can still see our native farm girls in the Hick Belt hoeing turnip-fields in thin high-heeled leather shoes and art-silk stockings, a very apt retort to the Gaul.

Hats have never worried the Race much, we find, barring the black sombreros the Chelsea boys affect, thereby increasing that atmosphere of exotic vice and devilry attached to the Arts anyway. Yet if decent people had but the courage to look twice they'd probably find under those wicked Chelsea hats the roundest, most innocent faces, the most candid of china-blue Nordic eyes.

## Footnote

PROPOS hats, we made an obvious bloomer recently in stating that James ("Boss") Agate's famous, or infamous, bowler was expected to burst miraculously into flower before long, "like Lohengrin's staff." We should have said "Tannhäuser's." The mistake arose owing to our dreaming recently we saw the Boss, cold and proud, in silver armour, with a solid gold bowler, drawn in a boat by swans over the Round Pond amid the subdued cheers of thousands of tiny feathered actresses.

Mais le calme héros, courbé sur sa rapière, Regardait le sillage et ne daignait rien voir.

According to rural folklore this vision means a bumper root-crop, like seeing a three-legged white



"If your dog can collect the paper, he can bring the money for it"

(Concluded on page 334)



## Opening Celebration of the Wings Club

Founded by Mrs. James Corrigan, the well-known American hostess, the Wings Club held its opening dance in Grosvenor Place not long ago. The Club is intended for the use of all British, Dominion, Colonial and Allied officers serving in or with the R.A.F., and its membership is free. The Duchess of Kent is Patron of the Club, Mrs. Corrigan its chairman, and members of the committee include the Duchess of Marlborough and Marie, Countess of Willingdon. The house is the property of Lord Moyne. Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby were two of the hostesses at the first of the Wings Club dances, to be held twice weekly



Mrs. Peter Thursby and P/O. F. R. Normoyle, R.A.A.F.



F/O. Poate, R.A.A.F., and Lady Milbanke



F/Lt. "Stinker" Murdoch Entertained During the Cabaret



Miss F. Crombie and S/Ldr. M. Todd



Miss Shelagh Macauley, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill and P/O. E. F. Bridgeman



Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., with Lt. E. F. and Lady Sarah Russell



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

horse standing on a heap of boiled rice behind the grand piano in the drawing-room.

## Lure

By doing away henceforth with the literary pages in his postage-stamp books, the Postmaster-General is asking for trouble from the serious reading public, in our unfortunate view.

For 5/- recently we got not only five shillingworth of stamps but nine pages of highly interesting literary matter, embracing the following topics:

1. Art-silk stockings, how to choose.
2. Literary fame ("Let an Editor Train You"), how to win.
3. False teeth, how to fix.
4. £400 a year for life, how to get.
5. Infectious disease, how to prevent.
6. Rupture, how to treat.
7. Hair, how to fix.
8. Tobacco-habit, how to abolish.
9. Indigestion, how to cure.

Which covers practically the whole field of modern life, as you observe, and provides moreover the framework of an 800-page psychological novel for any members of the booky racket who can't think of anything more to write about. To boys and girls who copy the current American tough or "realist" school it's money for old rope, indeed. *E.g.:*

I.

When the gang had gone Blondie got dressed and we cleaned up the apartment a bit and there was Ed on the floor and Blondie said hell this guy's dead so I looked and he was dead all right so we put him in the kitchenette and Blondie said what about a drink. So we had a few drinks and I felt lousy and Blondie said hell let's get out of here I want to buy some art silk stockings you dirty

double-crosser so I cracked her on the jaw and she passed out. So when she woke up we went out and she bought some stockings and there was a guy at Jimmy's and this guy wanted to fix another guy who was being trained by an editor so Blondie said hell we'll fix him so we had some drinks (etc., etc.).

This story would be called *The Fireman Is Always Sick Twice* and is very easy to write. The serious booky girls would naturally get a Freudian angle on the same data, full of impressive sexy jargon, and a more quiet, cosy, rosy, folksy note of hope and optimism would be struck by imitators of Mr. Priestley. Lay off the nation's mental fodder, P.M.G.

## Troglodyte

THOSE chalk cottages—seen in Wiltshire—with long low thatch, which some of the housing experts are considering for the New Utopia (Rural Division), are said to be of Norman origin, like that elaborate black and white medieval half-timber work which yahoos call "Tudoresque," and which is seen at its best amid the rich deep Norman orchards.

Much simpler and cheaper, and equally Norman, are those till-recently-inhabited caves, remnants of Talbot's Bastille, in the cliff-side of Le Pollet, the fishermen's quarter of Dieppe. These caves lacked, maybe, the gilded comforts of a Park Lane cavern, but it seems the people were nicer, and—judging by an ancient woman we knew who sold sweets, milk, and candles in a hut on the sea-path to Puy—much nearer Heaven. Living in a cave had given this sibyl not only long life and a singularly sweet disposition but the physical appearance of a



"Don't look now, but I've got a feeling we're not being followed"

St. Anne carved in mellow ivory by a Flemish Primitive. If this can happen to one of the Norman race, noted for its hard square faces, chicanery, bustle, and avarice, a little troglodytism wouldn't hurt a lot of citizens near home, possibly.

Having finally decided on chalk cottages, the housing boys will naturally proceed to erect 156 of them, mass-produced and all exactly similar, in a long level deathly row called Victory Terrace, a sight to sicken a chimpanzee.

## Corrida

To compare a Minister harassed by questions in the House to a bull in the arena, as a gossip boy recently did, seems to us a bit haywire. Surely no dullish, bemused politician pestered by other dull, bemused politicians could ever remind anybody on earth of the terrible grace and fire and ferocity and speed of an Andalusian fighting bull? We may be wrong.

If Minister-baiting had a recognised technique, like the art of the *espada*, it might be worthier the connoisseur's attention. As you probably know, there are two classic methods of bullfighting—that of the severe, dry, immobile school of Ronda and that of the flamboyant, colourful school of Seville. It may be that two schools of lawyers, skilled equally in their grim and graceful trade, could teach the M.P. boys how to eschew amateurish fumble-bumble, to place an opening question like a *banderillo*, to follow it up with breathtaking red rag and rapier play, and finally to plant the lethal point with unerring vim right on the spinal button wham and socko, and make a clean, scientific instantaneous kill.

Another comic habit the serious political gossips have is the use of military metaphor, describing wellknown chatterboxes as fighting against desperate odds, backs to the wall, marching to victory, defying onslaughts, holding (never "selling") the pass, and so forth and tralala. We'd keep that in just once a week, to give the citizenry a laugh.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Düsseldorf . . . a coruscation of diamonds set in blue velvet; to the east, a fuchsine glow shot with bars of cadmium, amethyst and chrysoprase. Then—woof, bombs gone"





Bender

## Miss Coral Browne: to Star in "My Sister Eileen"

Coral Browne is to take the part of the elder Sherwood sister—the part played by Rosalind Russell in the film—when Firth Shephard presents *My Sister Eileen* at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday next. Coral Browne is an Australian. Born in Melbourne in 1913, she first intended to become a painter. Later she succumbed to the fascination of the stage, and at the age of eighteen made her first appearance at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, as Margaret Orme in *Loyalties*. She came to London in 1934, understudying Nora Swinburne in *Lovers' Leap*. Her most recent London appearance was in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, in which, as Maggie Cutler, secretary to "The Man," she was Robert Morley's leading lady.



# Out of Doors



Bassano

## Mrs. Thomas Skryme and Her Children

Mrs. Skryme is the wife of Major Thomas Skryme, R.A., who is at present serving overseas. Their home is Sagamore, Shiplake-on-Thames, and they have two small daughters, seen here with their mother. Carolyn, the elder, is three, and the baby, Diana, was born last March. Mrs. Skryme is the second daughter of Sir Leonard Lyle, Bt., M.P. for Bournemouth, and before her marriage was well known as Suzanne Lyle, the tennis player

Right: Captain and Mrs. Edward Denny are seen here with their Alsatian, Mr. Poo. Captain Denny is in the Grenadier Guards. His wife was formerly Miss Patricia Muspratt-Williams, and is the only daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. Muspratt-Williams, of West Coker, Somerset. The Dennys have a small son, Michael Patrick



Compton Collier

## Mrs. Harold Cassel and Timothy

Mrs. Cassel was before her marriage in 1940 Miss Ione Jean Barclay, and is the daughter of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Barclay, of Colney Hall, Norwich, and a cousin of Lord Somerleyton. Her husband, Capt. Harold Cassel, is the second son of Sir Felix and Lady Helen Cassel, of Putteridge Bury, Luton, where this photograph was taken. Captain Cassel went to Singapore a few weeks before it fell, and was taken prisoner



Bassano

## Capt. and Mrs. Edward Denny With Their Dog





Mrs. Roger Hall with Sally, Diana and Christopher

Bassano

Mrs. Roger Hall is the only child of Sir Henry Wheeler, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., and Lady Wheeler, and a granddaughter of the late Sir Harold Stuart. Her husband is Major Roger Hall, who is serving with the Life Guards, and they have three children, a son and two daughters



Compton Collier

Mr. and Mrs. de Courcy Wheeler and Their Daughter

Mr. Thomas de Courcy Wheeler, seen here with his wife and small daughter, Mairin, is the only son of Surgeon Rear-Admiral Sir William de Courcy Wheeler and the Hon. Lady Wheeler, and a nephew of Lord Craigmyle. His wife was Miss Patricia Badham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Badham, of Guildford. Mr. Wheeler was a Lieutenant in the Gordon Highlanders until last year, when he was invalided out

Right: Mrs. Noble is the wife of Lt. Charles Patrick Cay Noble, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., whom she married in 1940. She was Miss Margaret Anwys Hopwood, daughter of Admiral Ronald Hopwood, C.B., and Mrs. Hopwood. Her husband is the only son of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, K.C.B., C.V.O., R.N., head of the British Admiralty delegation in Washington, and Lady Noble. Their son, Michael, was born last year



Compton Collier

Mrs. Charles Noble and Michael





## Major-General C. F. Liardet, C.B., D.S.O.

In 1942 Major-Gen. Claude Francis Liardet became Director-General of Ground Defence, Air Ministry, and Commandant of the newly-formed Royal Air Force Regiment. Educated at Bedford School, Major-Gen. Liardet was gazetted as 2nd Lieutenant to the Lancashire Artillery in 1899, transferring to the Lancashire and Cheshire R.G.A. some years later. He served in the last war, winning the D.S.O., and was mentioned five times in despatches. Previous to his present appointment he was Commander of the London Division, T.A. His wife, Chief Commander Dorothy Liardet, A.T.S., commands an Ack-Ack group



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## One of "The Forty"

EVERY past officer and man of the famous 40th Pathans, whose regimental nickname was the "Forty Thieves," will, I feel, be grieved at the news of the death of their late commanding officer, General Sir Frederick Campbell, for during the time that I knew them he was very well liked indeed. He originally was in The Guides, but later went to that other celebrated frontier regiment just named. I also regret his death, for I knew him at a picturesque moment when he was wounded on that Tibet expedition at the little scrap at a place called Niani, which, incidentally, is a very long way from Lhasa, and not close to it, as is suggested in the long notice in the daily Press of the General's death. It was a necessary battle, because this chain of forts was seriously incommending Sir Francis Younghusband, who was then more or less beleaguered in Gyantse, where he had only the 8th Gurkhas and a few oddments to protect him from a very numerous, if ill-armed, enemy. The Gurkhas came out to meet us at Niani, and brought with them two funny little mortars they called "Bubble" and "Squeak." They were no good, of course, but they did make a noise and hurl a few shells from the big ridge which was behind the main enemy position. It would have been a real battle for Hollywood, because we had moved out the night before from a place called The Red Idol Gorge, from where the mounted infantry had gone out for a night reconnaissance and got a bit peppered. There were so many distinguished frontier officers on that show—the other Campbell, the general commanding, Sheppard the Sapper, Pip Burne, who was Frederick Campbell's second-in-command, Climo, who came up afterwards with his Punjabis, and a whole lot more,

a cheery company, and now one of the best of them has gone.

## Courage

IT is but the enunciation of the obvious to say that Hedley Verity's death is a dire loss to Yorkshire cricket, and also to cricket of the world at large; yet is it not the fact that anyone who leaves behind him such a beacon is not really lost? He met his end gallantly leading his command, a death every man of true valour would desire. It is impossible to feel sorrow: rather envy and an abiding pride. So would he have had it. The game he loved and played so brilliantly was a fitting training for such a climax. That the last ball of his last over was hit to The Boundary would have left no feeling of rancour in his brave heart.

## A Leger Book

THE big question is now how best to make it upon the material supplied by the public winding-up gallops of the leading characters. Making a book is not what a learned judge once pretended that he thought it was; something akin to Gibbon's *Rise and Fall*. On the turf you do it either as a layer or a backer, and the approach is a bit different in either case, though the ultimate aim is the same, i.e., to reduce the possibility of loss to a minimum. It has been found in practice that, if you are a backer and there are two animals whose chances on the disclosed facts are about equal, it is not a bad method to put your money on both of them each way, particularly if there are the requisite eight runners which make 1, 2, 3 betting possible. By this method you stand to win three out of your four wagers, with, of course, the ever-present risk of losing all four. When, as is the case in this year's St. Leger, things



D. R. Stuart

## Empire Cricketers

Ray Smith is the Essex County cricketer and C. B. Clarke the well-known West Indian bowler, who in an eighth wicket stand with S. Sismy at Lord's, put up 108 runs for the Dominions against England



D. R. Stuart

## Guy's Hospital Captains

E. W. R. Alderman has captained Guy's Hospital Cricket XI. very successfully this season, and C. S. Gardner, Guy's last year's captain, skippered the United Hospitals' team this year at Lord's

have narrowed down very markedly the gamble is worth it. Supposing, for the sake of argument, we take it that it has boiled down to these animals—Straight Deal, Umiddad, Ribbon and, say, Kingsway or Persian Gulf—what is the combination we ought to pick with which to play?

## A Bit of a Teaser

HERE are a few facts in support. Twice, so far, Umiddad has given us proof that he and Straight Deal are on paper one and the same thing (Dewhurst Stakes, 7 furlongs, last year, a neck in Umiddad's favour; the Derby, 1½ miles, this year, a head in Straight Deal's favour), and now they are set to fight it out over 1½ miles. Ribbon ought to have won the Oaks by about 5 lengths; she was very unluckily beaten a neck by Why Hurry.

In a 1½-mile race on August 28th Straight Deal beats Why Hurry, six lengths easily. Where does this place him as regards Ribbon, who must have been about that distance in front of Why Hurry in the Oaks, but for the accident at the start? Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, and in the Leger Ribbon will be getting the 3 lb. sex allowance. So far so good. It is, however, very necessary to take note of the

(Concluded on page 340)



## Malta's Official War Artist in His Studio

Mr. Leslie Cole joined the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war, but was later invalided out. He was commissioned as an official war artist, and last year went to Malta to record for the British nation the activities of the Royal Navy, Army, Air Force and civilians in Malta under siege. He was present at the taking of Pantellaria, and sketched the action from the deck of a cruiser



## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

fact that on September 1st at Newmarket Ribbon had another unfortunate adventure in the 1½-mile Whepstead Stakes, which race was won as he liked by Umiddad from Herringbone, the One Thousand winner, in which race she beat Ribbon a neck; Why Hurry was only fifth. Primâ facie, this race ought to put Ribbon as much off the map as it does Herringbone; but some way from home in this recent race Ribbon collided with a post. I did not see this race, but an eagle-eyed, someone who did told me that it turned her clean off her course, and that he fully expected her to be lame when she came in, but she was not. She is such a little slip of a thing that a heavy dunt like this may well have done bad mischief.

### Beaten on a Post

LORD ROSEBURY'S horses are very unlucky with posts on race-courses. Hyperides had a nasty collision with one in last year's Guineas, and many thought that he had not got over it by Derby day: I am one of those who think that way. He was only beaten a neck by Watling Street, a colt of moods. It is quite possible that history is about to repeat itself in the case of Ribbon. Anyway, the occurrence of the collision must create a great doubt,



D. R. Stuart

### Three R.A.F. Cricketers

Leading R.A.F. cricket lights of this season are S/Ldr. Leslie Ames (Kent), W/Cdr. W. Dailey, of the Air Ministry, who organises all the R.A.F. matches, and F/O. Bob Wyatt, ex-captain of England and Warwickshire



### Lawn Tennis Familiars

Miss Billie Yorke, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Nigel Sharpe (hon. match organiser) were photographed together at Queen's Club, where exhibition matches were played in aid of the United Aid to China Fund



### Acceptors for Next Saturday's "Sellinger"

Recent Ascot running revealed Straight Deal and his jockey, Tommy Carey, in capital form for the St. Leger, to be decided this week-end on the July Course at Newmarket. Some of those likely to throw down the gauntlet to Miss Paget's champion include Mr. Adam Hedley's Merchant Navy, trained by Lawson at Manton; Lady Zia Wernher's improving colt, Persian Gulf, from Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochford's stable; Lord Rosebery's game filly, Ribbon, trained by Mr. Jack Jarvis; and Gordon Richard's mount, Tropical Sun, trained by Fred Darling. On Derby form the Aga Khan's pair, Nasrullah and Umiddad, seem bound to have something to do with the finish of Saturday's final Classic. Harry Wragg is to ride Lord Derby's Herringbone

and she was promptly knocked out in the betting. So what should prudent Mr. "A." do? Why, this: back Straight Deal and Umiddad each way—both of them—and I think buy his money, if necessary, for a place bet on Ribbon. If she had not had this bumper, and, better still, if she had not run at all at Newmarket on the 1st, I would have stuck to her to beat all comers. Persian Gulf and Merchant Navy (beaten recently by the Oaks disappointment Tropical Sun) are both in the shade at the moment. I am sure that they will be good four-year-olds. If there is going to be a turn-up in this Leger, it would not astound me if Kingsway were the instrument. He is bred to stay for ever. He finished fifth in the Derby, close behind Persian Gulf. And that is all I think I can say about it, excepting to wish Michael Beary joy of his ride. I hope he takes a real cutting whip out with him instead of the toyshop kind.

### Dastur

It is, of course, quite foolish to let the meaning of this word influence us against Umiddad by Dastur in the Leger, but I feel that it is my common duty to state that his sire's name in the language of Hindustan means "ordinary," "as usual," "according to everyday custom." Exempli gratia: if used as an epithet it would exactly describe the kind of dinner which the thrifty Honourable Missis of an Honourable Mister would direct should be given to a mob of people she wanted to work off—say the lesser lights in her husband's Department, plus any military persons and their wives up to the rank of a Mud Major. There is no doubt that many people cherish ugly memories of such repasts, and may even be still enduring them. Usually they began with soup, made, principally, from hot water, Worcester Sauce and a dash of cooking sherry; with, perhaps, some bits of carrot and a spot of Tabasco to help you keep it down. They then pursued their sinful career through some soft boiled fish, disguised under sauce that tasted like paste, some deadly looking things called "cutleese" (exactly the shape of the cook's hand), and eventually arrived at the culminating atrocity of "Kabinat Puteen," a first cousin of that most unattractive sweet, "Spotted Lazarus." That was "dastur." Quite different from the Burra Khana, or Big Eat, tendered to Lieut.-Governors, other Honourable Misters, Divisional Generals, and (if in Bombay) any wandering seamen of flag rank. These feasts usually began with oysters, wandered on through tender pomfret (fish), the snowy bosoms of young hens in aspic, and were heavily diluted with quarts upon quarts of some stuff called locally "Simplin," heavily frappée. At the "dastur" banquet everything that ought to have been cold was hot, and everything that ought to have been hot was cold! It is a word of evil omen!





## A.A. Patrols in Wartime

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

A.A. stands for Anti-Aircraft, but it also means Automobile Association—in case you had forgotten such pleasant sights as a row of petrol pumps, a new car and an open road. There's nothing like keeping your hand in, and if an A.A. scout can repair a rock-bound Mark III. "I" Valentine Tank in wartime, he should be able to get us home all right when our ageing cars once more take the road. The A.A. has a fine war record. Most of the road staff joined the Corps of Military Police in 1938 and went to France with the B.E.F. The Army made use of their mechanical knowledge by attaching them to Technical Repair Shops. Another of their peacetime jobs—erecting direction signs—came in useful during the 1939-1940 campaign, and they put up thousands of signs in France and all along the lines of communication to the Belgian frontier. Since Dunkirk A.A. patrols have served all over the map, Sicily included; some have won decorations in North Africa. Over 2,000 of the A.A. Staff are in the Forces, fifty-one holding commissions. A "senior" patrol service remains on duty in most parts of the country



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## It Could Happen

"CLARK GIFFORD'S BODY" (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) is not yet another corpse-on-the-mat story. (Titles of books, you may say, are not a great help these days—I often wonder how many readers were misled by that of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*.) In this case, the book is a thriller—you would be right so far—but its disturbing subject and original shape may surprise you. The surprise may be less if you recollect that its author, Kenneth Fearing, wrote that equally curious *Dagger of the Mind*.

Clark Gifford is another John Brown.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,

But his soul goes marching along."

The differences between the two pioneers of freedom are, of course, multiple; the most outstanding is this—John Brown has his niche in the real American past; Clark Gifford is projected in this novel as a not impossible figure of the future. John Brown played his part in the making of history: we must hope that history now in the making (and in our making, to a certain extent) will not take the course it takes in *Clark Gifford's Body*. Clark Gifford—seen by his friends as a selfless idealist, by his enemies as a dangerous fanatic—is forced into violence by hopes of saving the world. Everywhere the lights of freedom are going out; the flame of mankind's spirit gutters and burns low. No one dictator flourishes: "Nazi-ism" and "Fascism" are, by the time this story opens, dead words—but, none the less, living forces: virtually they have conquered. An international war—is it meant to be this war?—has dragged on and on, year after year, exhaustingly, inexhaustibly, drearily, till everyone has forgotten what it is about.

The large unnamed belligerent country that is the scene of *Clark Gifford's Body* now begins to crumble under the strain. The effects of an inner rot are felt, and chaos is only staved off by a show of force. Big business interests are the only dominant ones: the little man has long turned away from valour and seeks only to bury himself in his snug home, still far from the actual field of war. Clark Gifford, with his vital protest against all this, is already suspect. He heads the "Committee for Action," which, though opposed to bloodshed, is known to be armed. With a small band of followers, he attacks and captures Radio Station WLEX. During his brief control of the station, he broadcasts his dynamic messages. Alarm spreads among the powers that be. Government troops are sent to blast Gifford out. Taken prisoner, he dies before a firing squad. But his act has put a match to the powder-barrel: other stations are captured; troop-carrying trains are wrecked, others fired on; bombs are thrown, dams

blown up—gradually, the disturbance extends into civil war, mechanised, wide-spread, lasting for many years.

Gifford's act is heroic, its consequences appalling. In the long-term sense, was he right or wrong? No one of the many speakers, at many times, in the story seems to arrive at clearness as to this point. The judgment must be for posterity—and Mr. Kenneth Fearing places his reader in, as it were, the role of posterity. He presents the evidence, and he leaves you to judge.

## What is it All About?

THE attack on WLEX—the radio station outside the village of Bonnfield, near the town of Chandler—is the centre of the story, on which, like searchlights, the different versions converge. The country in which it happens, though "mythical," shows unignorable likenesses to the United States. The date (or year) of the attack is unspecified, and each chapter bears a different relation to it in time. The first, for instance, is thirty years after (in this, a Bonnfield resident speaks); the second, five years after; the sixth, two years before; the twenty-second, eight years after; the twenty-ninth, thirty years before—and so on. This, though it may sound confusing, is not so, and is, moreover, extremely effective for the author's purpose. In the "before" chapters you get the chain of events that made the attack, in Clark Gifford's view, inevitable; you also get the growing germ of his idea as sensed by his enemies and his friends. In the "after" chapters you get the attack's repercussions,



Lord Hayter, Chairman of Chubb and Sons' Lock and Safe Company (founded by his grandfather in 1818), celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday last month. Always interested in hand-craftsmanship, he took up tapestry work some years ago, and is seen here at work on one of his latest designs, destined to decorate the women's rest-room at Chubb's works in Wolverhampton

and also the different attitudes to it, always varying with the passage of time.

*Clark Gifford's Body*, unlike some stories set in the future, is far, in its human detail, from being unreal. Each chapter is, in its own way, a close-up; each incident seems to be happening now. A restaurant—Fenchon's, in Chandler—runs on and on through the plot: men may come, men may go, but Fenchon's goes on for ever. You see General Esteven and his three friends playing golf; you see, on the night of the attack, the distracted staff of the commercial broadcasting company who own WLEX; you watch citizens, perplexedly, listening in to the Gifford message; you get newspaper leaders, sob-stuff interviews, continental Press service "flashes." You are with the business men in the car of a threatened train; you are in Gifford's cell on the eve of his execution; you see him, thirty years before, taking his future wife out dancing—and find here, incidentally, the one time clue: the new number that year was "Tea for Two." You assist at black-market gangsters' macabre feast—stranded on a plateau charred by mechanised battle, these "vultures," as the singer Mary has called them, must live on champagne and caviare out of their own trucks. The drama of Mary's lost child has a happy ending.

Apart from whether Gifford was right or wrong, did he or did he not die in vain? The answer, again, must be disentangled from the words and actions of the rest of the characters, who themselves still hardly know what they feel.

Here is Clark Gifford with a friend he has met again.

"As for your first question, Archy—peace." He spoke tiredly. "I can't promise anyone immediate peace. No man on earth can do that, and you know it. Peace has

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## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ONE thing which we are not promised in the brand new world

after the war, but which we shall miss, will be the "useless." Incidentally, we do miss the useless often more than we miss the useful, because the useless is part and parcel of life's more spectacular exhibition, and its loss hurts something in our more tinsel pride—like being robbed of a mink coat, though fate still keeps us warm by flannel next the skin. At least, of course, as it applies to the pride of other people. The bombing of Belgravia, for example, left Tooting stone-cold. Nobody really minded very much, except, perhaps, the Duke of Westminster and those who lived in Belgrave Square. It was sad and all that, but the total disappearance of bananas affected most people far more.

Nevertheless, I myself suffer mildly from its devastation. I miss its former show. I liked to walk through Eaton Square and feel thankful that I had not to live in it. I could not have lived up to it, anyway! Moreover, when, as with so many people, I can never visit a beautiful locality without playing with the fancy of going to live in it—choosing this house or that, this street or the other—it is a comfort when the county or district is narrowed down by at least one place to which you have no yearning to belong.

As I used to pass daily through the more expensive squares of Belgravia and occasionally saw exquisite females stepping out of exquisite cars and in through front doors held open for them by

exquisite footmen, I never failed to feel admiration—without, however, the least envy. I should hate to live in a house which, if it were not filled by visitors and domestics, would give one the impression of sleeping in the Albert Hall—alone at last! I should hate to have a town house and three country mansions, each one yawning to receive me—probably just when I didn't want to go. Even a Rolls-Royce must have required a lot of living up to. While the fame of being the best-dressed man in the House of Commons would, I am sure, only make me hanker after sitting down in a puddle. These things have probably gone for ever, I know. But, metaphorically speaking, I shall miss being amused and entertained by humanity within the Royal Enclosure at Ascot—so long as I could watch it from the plebeian side of the palings. The useless, yet decorative, plays a large part in the fun of life.

In any case, by observing psychologically what, without affectation, you are fond of and admire, you may learn much about yourself. Only you must be honest in your observation. It is not, for example, without significance that I felt more furious over the bombing of Bath than I did over the bombing of Rome. That I really prefer Mozart to Beethoven. That I would sooner sit alone with a Constable than the most magnificent Rubens. Dream in a cottage garden rather than in Kew. It teaches me that I would be silly to pretend that my mind is struggling into the stratosphere. It can only fly a kite!





**Hesketh Jones — Yuille Barkley**

F/O. Robert Christopher Hesketh Jones, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Jones, of Epping Place, Epping, married Theodora Margaret Yuille Barkley, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. Yuille Barkley, of Woodcroft, Weybridge, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Röell — Kessler**

Jonkheer Theodoor Röell, Assistant Trade Commissioner for the Netherlands Indies in London, married Margaret Kessler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. A. Kessler, of Gunthorpe, Oakham, Rutland, at the Dutch Reformed Church, St. Mary's, Bourdon St.



**Carrick Smith — Furneaux**

Capt. Alan Carrick Smith, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Carrick Smith, of 25, Campden Hill Square, S.W., married Lindsey Eleanor Furneaux, daughter of Col. and Mrs. C. H. Furneaux, of Fingringhoe Hall, Colchester, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

## Getting Married

### The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Lockwood-Wingate — Coleman**

Lt. Peter J. Lockwood-Wingate, The Rifle Brigade, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood-Wingate, of Montpelier House, S.W., married Irene Patricia Coleman, daughter of the late F. D. Coleman and Mrs. Coleman, of 37, Hyde Park Gate, S.W., at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



**Chandler — Kokourina**

Philip S. Chandler, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Chandler, of Kensington, and Marina Kokourina, younger daughter of M. and Mme. Paul Kokourina, of Holly Lodge, Highgate, were married at St. Mary's, Warwick



**Rabagliati — Pringle**

Col. Charles Ian Evershed Rabagliati, elder son of Major and Mrs. D. S. Rabagliati, of St. Margaret's Road, Edinburgh, married Joan Pringle, only daughter of the late Charles Pringle, and Mrs. Pringle, of St. Lambert, Montreal, in Egypt, on June 9th



**Croft — McClintock**

John Murray Croft, only son of the late Philip Croft, and Mrs. Croft, of Hill House, Stanstead Abbots, Warc, married Rachel Messines McClintock, second daughter of the Rev. E. L. L. and Mrs. McClintock, of The Rectory, Hayes, Kent, at Stanstead Abbots



**Lloyd — Bailey**

Lt. William Zachary Lloyd, R.N., of Arley Hall, Slough-on-Swern, and Elizabeth F. Bailey, younger daughter of the late J. R. Bailey, and Mrs. Bailey, of Cosby-cote Avenue, Herne Hill, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Northwood



**Gray — Gibb**

Major Thomas Malcolm Gray, Royal Marines, son of the late Dr. W. Gray, and Mrs. Gray, of Altrincham, Cheshire, married Millicent Dorotha Gibb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice S. Gibb, of Longdown Cottage, Guildford, at Albury Church, Guildford



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 329)

## Entertainment

A GREAT deal is heard of the entertainments on a grand scale organised by E.N.S.A. and C.E.M.A. for the troops, but little of the good work being done for the small units and those men and women who are billeted in isolated areas. These are usually arranged with the co-operation of the Y.M.C.A. and the Army Educational Corps. In the London area, Mrs. Rupert Bruce-Lockhart sends round three motor-vans daily, each visiting two sites during the course of the day. One of her helpers is Mrs. Edward Obbard, wife of Commander Obbard, R.N., who is in the M.T.C. and has been seconded to the Y.M.C.A. She drives, taking the piano and instruments with her in the car, and, in addition to compèring (or should one say commèring) the show, takes part in the programmes, for she has an attractive soprano voice which was trained by the famous Blanche Marchesi. Generally speaking, the programmes are provided by professionals, and everywhere they find the most enthusiastic audiences, who seem to enjoy especially the classical and semi-classical music. In these particular programmes, explanatory remarks introduce each item, and questions and talks afterwards are encouraged and meet with an eager response. Most of these entertainments take place either in Nissen huts, cookhouses, or in the open air if the weather is kind. Mrs. Bruce-Lockhart has been organising them for the past fifteen months. Her husband, who is the youngest of the well-known Bruce-Lockhart family, is in Syria, also on Y.M.C.A. work. He runs three hostels for officers and men on leave from the battle fronts, arranging swimming, tennis, concerts and every kind of recreation for them. He was responsible for similar work in France before he escaped from Dunkirk.

## Theatre News

BACK from a three months' tour of the Middle East, Leslie Henson found himself the centre of a mob of admirers and friends at a recent first night. He was full of his adventures "over there," and very proud of the metal ring given him by a Cockney corporal during his tour. The ring has the words "Eighth Army" engraved on it, and Leslie was wearing it on the little finger of his left hand. "They all wear them," he said. "He is desperately anxious to get back there again as soon as he can. 'Those boys are the salt of the earth. 'Monty' is like a god to them. I've seen them line the streets, four deep, to cheer him. Their morale is magnificent; their capacity for work and play unbelievable. I arrived in Tunis ten days after our men. In the hotel I heard an orchestra playing. I thought it must be a gramophone, but no—it was a full-size orchestra, and men and girls were dancing as if no thought of war was in their heads. The town is a sight which must be seen to be believed. The docks are flat—the town itself untouched. For precision bombing it must be unexampled. I've kept a diary of my tour. Dot [Dorothy Dickson] and Beatty [Beatrice Lillie] did the same. Maybe they'll be published one day together as one grand adventure seen through three different pairs of eyes." Leslie Henson is one of the most popular men in the theatrical profession. Apart from his own good heart and generosity, he has a great reputation for bringing good fortune to everyone who works with him.

Norman Marshall's company, which gave its first performance in Cambridge in January, and has now established its headquarters at the Arts Theatre there, is at the Westminster Theatre in London for a season of five weeks. The company, which includes amongst its members Vivienne Bennett, Joan Swinstead, Nadine March and Harold Scott, now has a permanent repertoire of nine plays. *Uncle Vanya* is the play chosen for London presentation. "I find," Norman Marshall says, "that tragedies are much more popular than comedies these days, particularly with the younger generation." The play is reviewed on pages 326 and 327.



Oxfordshire Family

Sir Miles Thomas, D.F.C., seen here with his wife and daughter, Sheila, lives at The Manor House, Alderbury East, near Banbury. He is Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Organisation, and served in the last war in the R.F.C., and later with the R.A.F. in Mesopotamia, Persia and Southern Russia

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

to be fought for, no less than freedom. Are you such a child that you don't know that? Peace is not the normal condition of any world, neither the animal, nor the vegetable, nor the human world. It is an artificial condition, and before it can be attained it has to be won with bullet, gas and flame. . . ."

It was impossible, watching his lively face, listening to that voice that was both acid and hearty, not to realise that he was one of those people who are a part of destiny. Crazy or sane, that didn't matter. Everything was irrelevant, except that he was rigging the stage for a big scene in history.

## A Bad Year

WITH *Saturnine*, by Rayner Heppenstall (Secker and Warburg; 15s.), we pass into an element to which big scenes in history remain external. Alick Frobisher, who speaks, is in a state of hyperaesthesia. What he sees, what happens in the course of a day, make earthquakes in his being—earthquakes as to whose violence one has to accept the man's own word, but one does. The whole novel bears the stamp of tormented truthfulness.

On the first page of *Saturnine*, Alick, formerly partner in a two-man firm of architects, is forced to declare himself a bankrupt. However, this, he says, "was in many ways a glamorous and interesting condition." In the months that follow the present war breaks out; Alick falls into immaterial love with a girl he has seen at a higher-thought meeting in the purlieu of the Tottenham Court Road; his wife tells him she is going to have a child; the ceiling of their derelict flat comes down and Alick has to move in on a well-to-do but unstable St. John's Wood neighbour, Richard St. Hilda; St. Hilda moves the Frobishers to a country cottage owned by a lady called Effie: "She had fire-screens, talented children and old-fashioned flowers. . . . There was a ribbon in her hair and fairies at the bottom of her garden." In the cottage she kept for letting there were also three ghosts. "The first was an ordinary Poltergeist, which lived on the landing and knocked over lamps and furniture, and so forth. The second was De Quincey. It had come to Effie's bedside one night, announced itself by name, and implored Effie to stroke its hair. The third was half-man, half-beast."

Not ghosts, but a brainstorm, in which he hits St. Hilda over the head with a bread-platter, terminates Alick's visit to the country. Returning to St. John's Wood, he takes up photography. From this new interest arises the half-way affair with Pat Mallard, a very nice, rather touching Hampstead girl. St. Hilda, who has always liked sailors, joins the Navy, leaving the Frobishers in possession of the flat. Alick, walking down Baker Street, is hit on the head by a falling slate.

Margaret, his wife, and—when she has been born—the baby Judith, are the two stable characters in the plot: there is also a downright woman called Gertrude Mallinson. The rest are jibbering shadows—their shadowiness (to the hero) and their grotesqueness are rendered with unusual art. *Saturnine* depends for its value—and it has value—not upon its contents, but upon its manner. This is not, as I think I indicate, everyone's book. Its publishers seem to me right in grouping Mr. Heppenstall with Joyce and Céline; he does not reproduce their stuff, but continues where they leave off. To the exceptional person, or lover of the exceptional, I recommend *Saturnine*. Others may not enjoy it.

## Big Business

"RETURN TO HAPPINESS," by Jonas Lied (Macmillan; 18s.), is the autobiography of a big business man, who has been also sportsman, intrepid inland traveller and navigator of Polar seas. Mr. Lied, Norwegian, born in the Romsdal, Norway, set out from there as a lad to conquer the world. By temperament he was a pioneer, and the international element of big business was, by every showing, his natural one. Learning languages at a prodigious rate, he passed from capital to capital—Cardiff, Berlin, Paris, London, St. Petersburg—accumulating experience, at once widening and tightening his grip on affairs.

There should be something of interest for every masculine reader, man and boy, in *Return to Happiness*. Accounts of colossal transactions, of pioneering in commercial enterprises, vie with the dramatic and detailed story of the opening-up, for trade, of the Kara Sea—Mr. Lied, at one point, as he says, hitched himself to Nansen's lucky star. There are vivid pictures of the interior of Siberia, where Mr. Lied went fur-trading for a Kensington High Street store. Also, those interested in the "ringing" of wolves and the shooting of bears and seals will be held spellbound. Mr. Lied, who in pre-Revolution days took Russian nationality, for reasons shown, knew well both pre- and post-Revolution Russia. The chapters describing his enforced sojourn, and his efforts to carry on business under the still young Soviet, could not be more interesting.

*Return to Happiness* draws its title from the author's return to his Romsdal home. Here he took up farming, to be driven out, alas, by the war. One feels that to this account of his life Mr. Lied may yet have important chapters to add.

## Jewish Club

No one interested in social work among girls, of whatever religion or race, should miss *My Club and I*, by Lily S. Montagu (Herbert Joseph; 6s.). Miss Montagu, with her sister, founded the West Central Club, for Jewish girls and young women, many years ago, and has both furthered and watched the club's expansion and changes through changing times. Her work has been fine and her book is worthy of it.





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# A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.



AQUASCUTUM

● A necessity for the coming season is a good all-weather coat. The one on the left is carried out in a West of England tweed and has inset sleeves. Some are made with Raglan sleeves. The coat is half-lined, the scheme being completed with a narrow belt. It is available in several checks



FORTNUM AND MASON

● A study in black and white are the accessories seen above. The set makes a delightful present, or they may be acquired separately. The turban is really a silken square which may be arranged in many different ways, the gloves and belt being in complete harmony with it

## ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



SELFRIDGE

● The blouse has fallen on a happy life, as there are so many niches that it may satisfactorily fill. One above is of fancy white crepe suede fabric that washes well. The long sleeves are practical and so is the turn-over collar. Dark-coloured shirts are looked on with favour and so are the striped cottons

● Accessories are of the greatest importance in altering the aspect of a dress. As a matter of fact they are "coupon savers." Silk and wool in cheerful colours have been used for those scarves pictured. Some are square and others oblong. The belts are very useful, the studs introducing a gay note



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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

**A**n enthusiastic church worker called at a cottage, where the occupants were slack in the matter of church attendance.

To her delight, she was asked if she could supply the wife with a certain church magazine. As she did not have one with her, she trudged a considerable distance to get a copy, finally arriving back breathlessly at the cottage with the magazine.

"Oh, thank you so much!" gushed the woman. "You see, Jock wants to do a bit of poaching tonight, and he wants to know when the moon is up."

**T**his is a "nut" story from America.

Two screwballs lived on a farm and one day, while he was passing a beehive, the smaller screwball was stung on the ear by a bee.

The unfortunate nut galloped into the house, swearing vigorously.

"Darn those bees!" he howled. "I was passing the beehive and one of the bees caught hold of my ear."

The second nut appeared interested.

"Is that so?" he cried curiously. "What did he have to say?"

**A** woman decided to have the shape of her nose altered. So she called on a beauty surgeon.

"How much will you charge to alter the shape of my nose?" she asked.

"A hundred guineas, madam."

"A hundred guineas!" she exploded. "Isn't there something less expensive?"

"Well," replied the surgeon suavely, "you could try walking into a lamp-post."

**L**ITTLE Johnny's mother had just presented him with twin sisters, and the household was in a state of excitement. Father beamed with pride as he took Johnny on one side.

"If you tell your teacher about it I'm sure she'll give you a day's holiday," he said.

That evening Johnny came home radiant with joy.

"You were right, dad. I don't have to go to school tomorrow," he announced proudly.

"Did you tell your teacher about the twins?" asked his father.

"No, I just told her I had a baby sister."

"But you should have told her you had two of them."

"Oh, no!" said Johnny; "I'm saving one for next week!"

**S**o much litter disfigured the parade ground that the orderly officer put a squad on to tidy it up. They did their best, but the day was windy and the debris frolicsome.

"Finished?" asked the officer, when the corporal in charge reported to him. "Everything picked up?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "all except one dirty bit of paper which blew in at the window of the colonel's office, sir."

"Well, get it out, man!"

"I can't, sir—he's just signed it."



Johnson, Oxford

### Three Theatre Personalities

Gordon Harker is the star, and Mabel Constanduros and her nephew, Denis Constanduros, are co-authors of a new play, "Acacia Avenue," which had its premiere at the New Theatre, Oxford, recently, and will come to London in the autumn.

**A** SWEET young thing was watching drill one day. Suddenly a rifle volley rang out. With a surprised scream the lovely young lady shrank back directly into the arms of a young private standing behind her.

"Oh," she stammered with a blush, "I was so frightened by the rifles. Do please forgive me."

"Not at all, not at all," spoke up the private. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

**T**HE head of the house approached the young man.

"Look here," he said, "you have been calling here to see my daughter for a long time now. May I ask what are your intentions?"

"Well," said the young man, "I had hoped to become an addition to your family."

"Let me tell you," was the reply in grim tones, "there's nothing doing in addition. You'll have to subtract."

**A** FARMER was ploughing a field with one horse, but he was yelling: "Giddup, Jack. Giddup, Bill. Giddup, Jerry. Giddup, Sambo."

A stranger passing by asked: "How many names does your horse have?"

"Oh," said the farmer, "his name is Jack, but he doesn't know his own strength. So I put blinkers on him and yell all those other names. He thinks he has other horses helping him."

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*The bright world dim, and everything beside*

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## How Far?

A SMART rap over the knuckles is my usual return for talking about women pilots. Yet when Moscow proudly announces that Guards Lieutenant Lily Livak had shot down twelve German aircraft before she herself was killed in action on the Kharkov front, it is difficult to avoid the subject altogether. Women nowadays wear wings without necessarily being angels. From all accounts they are, at least, as good as men pilots. Neither Britain nor America has yet gone so far as the Russians and allowed them to go into action in the air; but logically we should do so.

The tendency towards eliminating sexual trade marks has been hastened by aviation. I imagine that the A.T.A. uniform is almost identical for women and for men pilots. Soon it will be as hard to tell a pilot from a pilotine as it is to tell a goose from a gander. All of which should do what the women—judging from their formidable spokesmen in Parliament and elsewhere—want and give them equal opportunities with men in the trades and professions, thus leaving man to hold the baby. There is no real obstacle, other than prejudice, which prevents those women who volunteer to do so from becoming operational pilots. So it seems to be simply a matter of finding out if women do wish to enter this field. I have met a few who say they would like to do so, and they might prove as good air fighters as the Russian women.

## Italy

DOES meteorology have as big a say as we suppose in determining the moment when large scale operations are begun? It seemed somewhat queer that the invasion of Italy was started on the fourth anniversary of the entry of Britain into the war and that that day had already been ear-marked as a day of prayer. Can it be that these tremendous events are ever guided by considerations other than those of military expediency? The Germans used to pretend they were. They used to boast that if we raided Berlin they would raid London on the following night. Once or twice they succeeded in doing so.

Air operations must still be largely guided by the weather; but in the Mediterranean, where all the arms are co-operating, it must be impossible to pick and choose with the sole object of giving our aircraft favourable conditions. Sometimes conditions favourable for air work might be less favourable for land or sea work.

## People

ABOUT the time the invasion of Italy began there arrived in England a number of distinguished visitors. Among them was General Arnold, Head of the United States Army Air Forces. The United States is most fortunate in its aviation leaders. They are not only extremely efficient at their job but—what is also of importance—they are tactful in dealing with English people and English prejudices. The result is really good collaboration.

This is particularly well marked in the bombing field. In Great Britain, Bomber Command and the United States Eighth Army Air Force have been working together like two components of a smooth-running machine, and a good deal of the credit must go to General Ira Eaker and to Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris. Both of them are strong personalities. Harris in marked degree has the forcefulness that comes from a firm belief in a single, central idea. He overrides opposition with an energy which might easily have led to misunderstandings between the British and American Forces. Instead, there is real team work; in fact, the team work is so good that it almost enables me to understand that term which the experts constantly thrust down our throats—"integration." Incidentally, the German description of the character of Air Chief Marshal Harris appeared ludicrously inept to those who know him. Friends of the Harris



P/O. K. F. Dacre, R.A.F.  
"intruder" pilot, destroyed two enemy bombers over continental bases in one night. He comes of an air-minded family; his father is an air commodore, and his mother a senior staff officer, W.A.A.F.

family—which includes the small daughter Jacqueline—tell me that the malice of the German broadcasts completely missed fire.

## Blown-up Brakes

I HAVE always been a strong advocate of air brakes because I hold that all steps which increase the pilot's control over his aircraft are desirable. With air speed range going up so rapidly there is need for a means, not only of accelerating quickly, but also of decelerating quickly, and that applies whether you approve of dive-bombing or not. Some time ago I examined the interesting air brakes developed by the Bristol company, and applied to some of their Beauforts and Beaufighters. Their prime object was to help in the process of torpedo dropping—to allow the pilot to knock off speed quickly just before the moment of release; but they might also have been used for other purposes. Essentially they consist of a sort of bellows running along the wing and blown up at will by

means of a large venturi mounted under the wing. I do not know if these are the first pneumatic air brakes, but I can think of no other instance.

I gather that they have not been used much on operations as yet; but the scheme is so ingenious that it deserves notice. It was only a few weeks ago that permission was given for the facts to be published. The bellows are attached both to the upper and lower sides of the wing, and when they are blown up they open and form upper and lower flaps. The brakes can be taken off instantly by a cock in the pipeline between venturi and bellows.

I have not yet had a chance of studying the air brakes on the Mustang *Invader* as the dive-bomber form is now called; but I understand that they are hydraulically operated.

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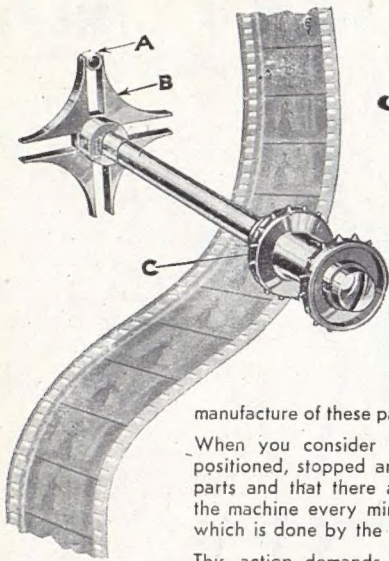
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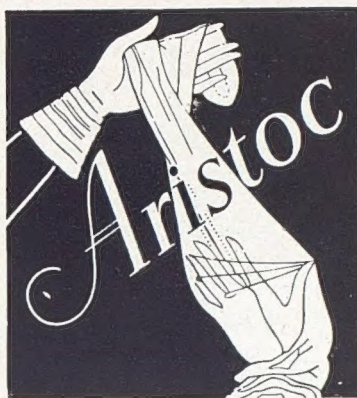
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